The SHINING TALENT

By ELEANOR EARLY © 1929 by NEA Service Inc.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

MOLLY BURNHAM, reporter, has [illegible] off the celebrated BARROWS [illegible]. Barrows, wealthy and socially [illegible], was tried for the murder [illegible] INGERSOLL, who [illegible] BERNICE BRADFORD, a rather [illegible] woman, beautiful and un[illegible] immoral. To everybody's [illegible] he was acquitted. Molly [illegible] the trial in brilliant fashion, [illegible] as reward of merit has been [illegible] a bonus and a week off.

[illegible] happens to be very much in [illegible] with a poor young man named [illegible] WELLS, but she has decided [illegible] postpones her marriage until such [illegible] as Jack has saved a little [illegible]. Meanwhile she is bending all [illegible] efforts to the task of writing [illegible] really worth while. She [illegible] a clever little girl, and will prob[illegible] succeed.

[illegible] night as she is revolving in [illegible] mind the plot of a story, her [illegible] rings. It is RED FLYNN, police [illegible] reporter, with astonishing [illegible] of the Bradford murder. Red [illegible] that he has just left a boy [illegible] PERRY INGERSOLL, who [illegible] engaged to Bernice Bradford. [illegible] declares that Perry and Bernice [illegible] about to be married. And Red [illegible] that he doesn't know exactly [illegible] he is going to do with the boy. [illegible]time, Perry is sleeping in Red's [illegible].

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI

[illegible]CE a reporter, they say, always [illegible] a reporter. And to a good news[illegible] woman everything is copy. [illegible] and Death, and Love, and [illegible]. Obviously, then, this Ingersoll [illegible] was copy. Rattling good copy.

Molly leaned forward eagerly.

"And what," she demanded, "are [illegible] going to do with him, Red?"

Red shrugged narrow shoulders [illegible].

"Darned if I know," he admitted. "[illegible] he lies—God's little gift to newspaper men. But you know, [illegible], it seems a shame to tell the [illegible]."

"I don't know why," she retorted. "[illegible] he's spilled a solution of the [illegible] murder, Red. It's your [illegible] duty to tell the world'."

"Maybe," he admitted. "But to [illegible] the truth, dear, I haven't any [illegible] that stuff called civic pride."

"You're just soft-hearted," she ac[illegible].

"Soft-hearted nothing!" he re[illegible] indignantly. "I'm practical. [illegible] all. And, just now, I've got [illegible] idea, Molly. A great big idea."

Molly sighed. "Go on," she urged. "[illegible] dying of curiosity, Red. Tell [illegible] about the Ingersoll kid, and [illegible] mind your beautiful idea."

Red lighted another cigaret. "Molly, darling," he informed her, "I love you and all that, but you're a dreadful dumbbell. Can't you see [illegible] a plot for a play, or a novel, [illegible] this Ingersoll kid? Why throw [illegible] thing away on a newspaper yarn? Why not collaborate on something worth while? What's a bonus from [illegible] old man, a measley little $50, [illegible] we can make a fortune? I tell [illegible], Molly, we can knock Broadway [illegible] with the stuff that brat spilled [illegible]!"

"But tell me!" she besought. "Red, [illegible] infuriating. You haven't told [illegible] a thing. You're simply talking [illegible] head off. I don't know what [illegible] all about."

"Oh! Listen, then." Solemnly [illegible] began. "Perry Ingersoll fell in [illegible] with Bernice Bradford."

* * *

"Yes, yes." Molly nodded. "And [illegible] she was gay and charming, [illegible] very, very wise, this young In[illegible] found her captivating. She [illegible] different from all the nice little [illegible] he'd known. The good girls, [illegible] make a lot and drink a little, [illegible] pretend to be very, very bad. [illegible] didn't have to pretend. She [illegible] just herself. Beautiful, and [illegible] and stunning. So Ingersoll fell [illegible] with her, did he?"

"Well, he thought he did," amended [illegible], "and that's pretty much the [illegible] thing, as near as I can make [illegible]. She was just the glitteringest [illegible] that had ever come into his [illegible]. And when she gave him a little [illegible], he felt like a load of [illegible]. Did I tell you he wrote [illegible] to her? Called her his golden [illegible] and all that trash. His Glam[illegible] Golden Girl. Doesn't it give [illegible] a pain, Molly?"

"No," she said. "I think it was [illegible] sweet of him, Red, and aw[illegible] pathetic."

Red chuckled. "Just a born little romantic," he chided. "And you [illegible] a newspaper woman, Molly!"

"Go on," she pleaded.

"Well, as I was saying, young [illegible] Ingersoll got a poetic passion [illegible] this woman, and pretty soon he [illegible] glorifying her. Wanted to [illegible] her. But Bernice knew how [illegible] her cards better than that. [illegible] kid might be some use to [illegible] in her profession, but what [illegible] could she do with a sopho[illegible] husband?

"[illegible] say he knew about Bar[illegible]?" questioned Molly.

"Oh, Barrows darn near broke the [illegible] heart," rejoined Red. [illegible] kid was so jealous he couldn't [illegible] straight. That's why he was [illegible] to swallow Bernice's proposi[illegible] hook, line and sinker."

"But proposition?"

"[illegible] he in such a hurry," he [illegible], "Ain't I trying to tell [illegible]? First, you see, the kid was [illegible] Bernice to marry him, and [illegible] was laughing at him. Then, when [illegible] gave up hope, and made up his [illegible] she meant it, she suddenly [illegible] the tables. One night she [illegible] Perry to marry her! I can [illegible] the poor boob's heart busting [illegible] when Bernice promptly [illegible] all the joy out of life. For a consideration, she says [illegible] then she outlined her scheme. [illegible] Ingersoll's the sort of chap [illegible] would err, and carry on like a [illegible]. But he's a welcher at heart. [illegible] wasn't, he'd never have con[illegible] to her proposal. And consent [illegible].

"Bernice knew he was infatuated [illegible] her, and that she could twist [illegible] around her beweled little [illegible]. She knew, too, that he was [illegible] and desperately in need of [illegible]. There seems to have been [illegible] about gambling debts at [illegible] University, and the kid was [illegible] to expose [illegible]. Bernice said she'd marry [illegible] and give him a few thousand [illegible], if he'd be a good little boy, [illegible] as she told him. And [illegible] she confessed that Barrows was [illegible] to tire of her. Not that [illegible] a hoot whether he loved [illegible] or not. Oh, no. Bernice wasn't [illegible] of your sentimental models. I [illegible] suppose she'd ever given a [illegible] for a man in her [illegible] there was a lot of money [illegible] Barrows outfit.

"[illegible] remember, Barrows' aunt [illegible] supposed to have provided the [illegible]. Well, that wasn't his [illegible]. She was his wife's aunt. [illegible] Mrs. Barrows sake the old [illegible] would go through anything, [illegible] wife's people wouldn't stand for any scandal. And Bernice knew the game from a to z.

"But this was to be high class blackmail. Nothing small-time about Bernice. Barrows was too well known to have his private life concealed from anybody. It wouldn't do Bernice any good to say she didn't know he had a wife.

"That being that, our heroine reckoned a husband would be a good bet. And this night I'm telling you about how she laid her cards on the table.

"'We'll get married,' she told young Ingersoll, 'and then you'll threaten to sue Barrows for alienation of my affections.'

"At first the kid didn't get it. And then she tells him she means to continue to play Barrows. Perry'll have to come home some night, and catch Barrows there. He's just to be the boob, that's all.

"Perry'd have to make a scheme, she said, and make off he wanted to kill Barrows. Then Bernice was to interfere, and try to patch things up. And in the end they'd have Barrows promising them anything they wanted. He could get money, you see, from his wife's aunt. There were two reasons why the old lady would give it to him, and Bernice [illegible].

"First, there was the way she loved her niece. Then there was the scandal end of it. If the thing threatened to become a court case, the old lady'd peel off a hundred-thou to save the family honor."

* * *

Molly gasped. "You don't mean to tell me," she cried, "that Ingersoll agreed to it?"

"He did," he affirmed, "just that. "But don't forget, Molly, that the kid was absolutely infatuated with her—and after all he is a kid. And anyhow, he swears he had no intention of complying with her schemes. After they were married, he never meant to leave her. The poor sap was going to make her love him. That was what he thought."

"Do you believe it?"

"Oh, I don't know. The kid's no Galahad. The point is, he promised he'd go through.

"And Bernice went and got a wedding dress. That girl sure had a sense of humor. A white satin dress and a flock of tulle."

"I know," murmured Molly, "and a duchess' car of seed pearls, with orange blossoms tucked in her veil. It wasn't a sense of humor though, Red. Women don't joke about things like that. Poor soul—she was buried in it."

Red nodded unfeelingly. "Swell looking corpse, wasn't she?"

"I didn't see her," admitted Molly, "but I had a good line about the way she looked. I said hers was 'a beauty made Death amorous.'"

"Good!" approved Red. "You can sure turn a pretty phrase, old dear."

"I did write some good stuff on that case," confessed Mary delightedly. "Emotional writing is what I like."

"And here's your chance," cut in Red excitedly. "Don't you begin to see the thing, Molly? Say, this has all those crime and sex plays beat a mile. Why, honey, you can give the best of them a run for their money. Here you've got all the ingredients for the best damn plot in history. Beautiful woman. Quivering Passion. The calf love of Ingersoll. Play Ingersoll alongside Barrows. And Bernice alongside Mrs. Barrows. Sin versus respectability, with Sin all glamorous and seductive. And Respectability so damn proper that Sin calls the tricks. And there's your moral. Every play has to have a Moral."

"And Mystery!" cried Molly. "Why Red, it's the most mysterious thing that ever was! Here's a woman, preparing for her wedding day. All set to blackmail a wealthy lover, and marry a boy who adored her. Everything rosy. Why—why would she kill herself?"

"That's just it!" announced Red triumphantly. "And the answer is —she didn't."

"But who—?" began Molly.

(To Be Continued)

Big Celebration Planned For Virgil

NEW YORK.—(AP)—Publius Virgilius Maro, whose "Aeneid" is considered by scholars to be one of the most beautiful poems ever written, will have the two-thousandths anniversary of his birth celebrated in elaborate fashion.

Members of the American Classical league, composed of leading scholars of the country, are backing a two-year celebration of Virgilian prose and verse, in 1930-31.

Among the prominent men and women interested in this movement are Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president, the University of Virginia; Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale university, and Kenneth M. Sills, president, Bowdoin college.

Motor Fuel Made From Tar of Fir

CHICAGO (AP)—"Gasoline" made from trees is announced in a report to the American Chemical society by Dr. Jacque C. Morrell and Gustav Egloff of Chicago.

They have produced an anti-knock motor fuel from the tar in the Douglas fir. While this fuel now is in the laboratory stage, the report says it can be made in commercial quantities from present wood waste.

Dance Prescribed For Sick Persons

CHICAGO.—(AP)—Dancing isn't something for the older generation to waggle its head over in the jungles along the Amazon—it's the doctor's prescription for what ails you, reports Llewellyn Williams, member of the Capt. Marshall Field expedition to that region.

The doctors, or medicine men, dose out dancing for the ill, and if the patient is too feeble the doctor does the dances himself.

Specimens Sought In Tropic Land

HOUSTON, Tex.—(AP)—Five Houston residents will go to Yucatan peninsula this summer to collect birds, reptiles and tropical animals for the city's museum of natural history.

Hans Nagel, keeper of the Houston zoo, will lead the party. The trip will be made in a small sloop at no cost to the city.

In 1918 the U. S. Public Health Service estimated that there were 120,000,000 rats in the United States.

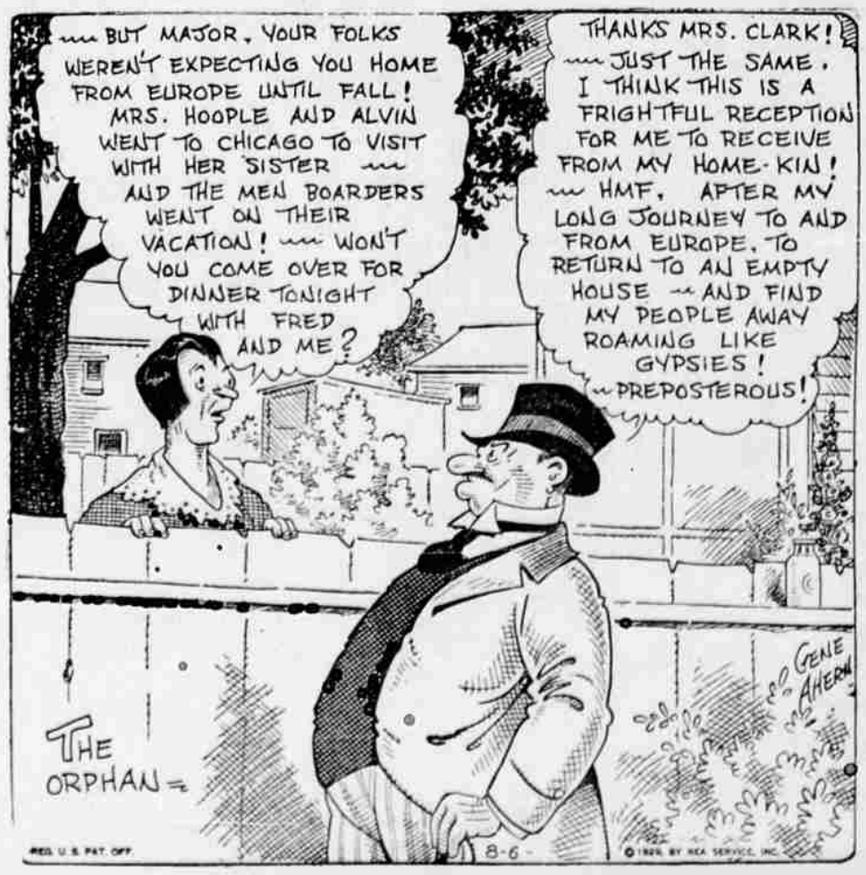
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Silence Is Golden — By HAROLD GRAY

SALESMAN SAM — A Catastrophe Averted — By SMALL

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Ferdy Would Have Done Better — By MARTIN

MOM'N POP — Chick Drives a Bargain — By COWAN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — By AHERN



THE TINYMITES — By KNICK

THE chariot race was under way and all the bunch cried laud, "Hurray!" Then Clowny shouted, "Faster, boys! Try mighty hard to win. I'm for the one who stands the test, 'cause he will prove himself the best. Don't fall out of the carts amid the clatter and the din."

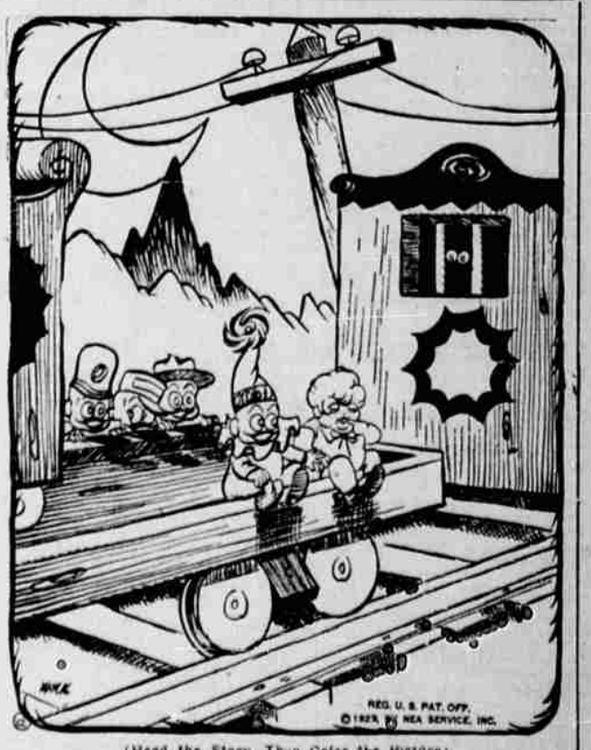
"Giddap," yelled Scouty. "Come on, hound. We have to cover lots of ground. Let's beat that other dog and we will make wee Coppy sad. If you grow tired and start to walk, I'll be so mad I cannot talk. I want to win this race. Please do your best and make me glad."

"Yip, Yip," the little dog replied. And he gave Scouty quite a ride. The other hound, however, also ran along real fast. Then as they finished with the ride they both came in right side by side. The race was called a tie and it was over now at last.

This satisfied most everyone and all agreed that they'd had fun. Then Scouty said, "Where's Clowny? He has disappeared from sight. Perhaps he's playing hide and seek. Around the grounds we'll slyly peek. I'm sure that if we all look we can locate him all right."

And so they started looking 'round to see if Clowny could be found. They ran into the big tent and then out into the air. "Well, goodness me," Wee Carpy cried. "Fat Clowny sure knows how to hide. I've looked around but cannot find that fellow anywhere."

All of a sudden Scouty cried, "Hey, Tinymites! Look straight ahead. There's Clowny on a flat car, and he isn't trying to hide. On him you always can depend to find a lovely little friend." And then the Tinies saw a girl was sitting by his side.



(Read the Story, Then Color the Picture)

(The Tinymites run into danger in the next story.)

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